

Gadgie 30



FEN PUNK FANZINE!

NOW THEN GADGIE ...

Welcome to Gadgie 30! Ruddy hell who would have thought that way back in 1997 when I sat in my front room listening to Stalingrad demos, Underclass and Hard To Swallow 7"s, compilation tapes from Mel Hughes in Northern Ireland or brutal Finnish thrash tapes from Lee Urko that the reviews I typed up on my electric type writer (£50 from Argos!) would be the start of a run of zines that would hit 30 and still be going in 2013? Lorks-a-lordy! Who would have thought it indeed?

Well I can now add to the legacy of Gadgie fanzine Spoken Word performances! There's the zine, there's the book, I suppose it follows that spoken word is next? Well it was. When Rum Lad himself, Steve Larder asked me if I'd fancy doing some zine readings as part of a gig/zine reading thing he was booking at the Chameleon Arts Cafe in Nottingham I figured why the hell not? Initially it was meant to be me stood reading tales from Gadgie but I figured that would be a bit stilted and winged it a bit. Morphing in to stand up comedy really, I "treated" the crowd to tales of skin disorders, heckling bands and rubber johnny japery. Miraculously they seemed to enjoy it and were remarkably quiet and respectful throughout my set. The opportunity to heckle the heckler presented itself and I got away with it! My second outing was again heckle free when Eagle asked me to do a set at his poetry book release do at local pub The Eagle. So respectful were the crowd I took to heckling them ... you can take the boy out of the pit ... Later on in the Axe a youngster who thought I was Ross Noble said my set was amazing, he loved it and that although my delivery was great he didn't like me shouting at the crowd all the time. I'm Marv. Shouting is what I do.

NOW THEN GADGIE - THE BOOK!

Yes! A ruddy great book collecting the best of Gadgie fanzine's tales of nostalgia and immaturity. About 150 pages of it!



Includes all of yer favourites!

Playing out on bikes, vanquishing the Bodo Glimpt sackys, the bum and tail show, psycho Science teachers, Cross Country fun and games, crawling through the dead cow tunnel, getting chased by Boss Eye and Gnome, Boston Youth Crew mooning the nazis, shitting in the pissoir, the dog shit den, the swimming baths locker rats, the frozen dog biscuit shop, people pooing on football terraces, asthma attacks ...

Read yourself silly!

Drop us a line at
nowthengadgie@hotmail.co.uk
for your copy now!

A fiver a copy plus a quid fifty postage. I have paypal so you've no excuse. Go on then.

THE PERVY MAN

After a good days record hunting with the missus and Gadgie Junior at Lincoln a while back, which also took in looking for Pokemon cards, Batman comics and shoes, we were held up at the train crossing whilst driving home aboard the Gadgie-mobile. Shoppers, workers and students alike all gathered at the fence waiting the passing of the train as we sat contemplating our respective retail therapy hauls. Out of nowhere a young Japanese lady arrived at the crossing and ticked every single box that would be on the criteria for every teenage Manga fanboys wet dream. Pleated tartan mini skirt. Knee high white socks. Long, immaculate, straight and jet black hair. Carrying her school books against her chest. If I got close enough she probably would have had enormous blue eyes that take up three quarters of her face. Out of nowhere along comes a fellow on a bike that also ticked boxes. The boxes of a scrote. Dirty, unkempt hair and visage. School shoes and tracky bottoms combo. Massive over sized camouflage coat. Even his bike looked like the sort of fellow who kept a motor bike in his kitchen. Fullon Jeremy Kyle Show. Scrotey fellow was obviously enamoured by the sight of the Japanese student and in a completely jaw dropping example of complete shamelessness just rode his bike backwards and forwards staring at her. He didn't even try and hide the fact he was goggling the young lady. Just rode up and down the street looking. Having a good look. Not like when a bloke tries to grab a surreptitious glance at a waitress when he's out with the missus. No Just blatantly stared. "Look at that pervy man!" was all I could come up with and we all chortled in unison as if no further words were necessary.

CARICATURE NIGHT AT THE IQ

Caricature Night - This Saturday! The Indian Queen was not exactly a hot bed of bohemians

and artists in its heyday so the idea that this French gadgie had asked Derek and Teresa if he could come in on Saturday and draw caricatures of the regulars was an intriguing prospect. He did just that. Doodling away and producing in seconds fabulous caricatures of folk, tearing 'em out of his A3 pad and handing the finished work to bemused yet grateful boozers. I had one done and gave him a coupla quid for it. Bradders decided however the he had a better way to show his appreciation. Wait until our gallic artiste left his pad unattended for a bog break and then write "Nob" in the middle of the next page.

THE DARK SENTINEL

My dog is a strange hound. I have documented evidence of him fighting a tomato, barking at a carrier bag and running around the garden for no apparent reason. Strangest of all our Zoltan's behaviour however is when he is let out in to the garden first thing in the morning or at sunset in the evening. He simply walks out to his usual spot slap bang in the middle of the lawn, sits down and looks ahead with his huge over grown lugs (we were told he'd grow in to them) pricked up. Pooch will then sit in silence, statue like taking in ... well ... everything. It's as if he is in tune with some supernatural force of nature, like he is tuned in to some wave length or lay line beyond human comprehension. There he sits seemingly oblivious to us and perfectly zoned in to some magical reverie that only dogs know. Like a dark sentinel checking all is well with his empire. He then snaps out of it, sniffs about a bit, barks at passers-by, has a shit and comes back in.

WE DONT WANT NO ID CARDS!

Us fenpunx do enjoy visiting the fair city of Notting-on-the-ham. It is more often than not in pursuit of punk rock pandemonium. One such evening we were taken with the need to stop

off in Grantham in search of shouting fuel. Lining up with booze in hand all seemed well until Sophie, first in line asked for some fags and was requested to produce ID. Now Super Sophie is a young looking lass but as she was in her early 20's at the time it amused myself and Dan immensely. ID was shown and mucky beer and fags bagged for Soph.

"Ha Ha! You got ID'd" smirked Dan who was up next with a can or three of Stella.

"Do you have any ID please sir?"

Now Dan certainly doesn't look young and at the time was in his late 20's. ID however was brought forward and Stella-brating was back on.

"Ha Ha! You got ID'd" smirked I as I handed over my choice of ale.

"Do you have any ID please sir?"

Yer jokin' aren't yer? I've got gray hair mate!"

"OK, fair enough ..."

MORE JOHNNY JAPERY

An away day in Lincoln against Cherry Willingham was just what we were hoping for in the Sunday League County Cup. The infamous Axe and Cleaver Sunday FC had dispensed with some side at home in the previous round and had our fingers crossed for such a tie in the next round. This meant we had something of a road trip and could spend the afternoon boozing in the bars of Lincoln. The game was a straight forward affair which we lost something like 5-2 and apart from our extrovert keeper trying to piss on our, quite frankly mental, right back in the showers it passed without incident. In to the city of swans then for a pub crawl ... a few scoobies under, our party of ne'er do wells were all showing signs of imminent misbehaviour and rowdiness. A woman with a badge on in one pub came over to have a "quiet word" with us.

"Excuse me fellas, on a Sunday afternoon, we are a family pub so could you please make an effort to keep the noise down?"

"OK, sorry about the noise, fair enough" was the bland attempt at an apology but it seemed to placate her. All went well, until right on cue, within about a minute, Joe, our loopy right back walked out of the toilet with a condom wrapped around his head just below his snoz, blowing it up with his nostrils so he looked like a right Tefal Head. In front of children, elderly relatives and families all enjoying a Sunday pub lunch he drew glorious attention to himself.

"Hey lads, look at this!"

I cast the manager lady who had not one minute ago spoken to us a glance and suggested "Alright, I know, we're leaving ..."

WATCHING THE PENNIES

A former work colleague of mine was well known for his unwillingness to spend money. He was said to be a very frugal chap who some may have called a miser, a tight fist or whatever else those who care to label others may choose. I never saw any evidence of this supposed squirreller of spondoolicks in action until one day during the school holidays I was casually perusing the wares of the record stall on Grantham market and he appeared with his little lad. "Ello mate, you alright?"; "Enjoying your time off?" and other such pleasantries followed before I noticed the little lad was holding a newspaper wrapped parcel of increasingly greasy fish and chips. I could see the poor wretches discomfort as hot grease was leaking out on to his hands and no doubt dripping down his arms giving him a very uncomfortable role in the family hunter gatherer party. "You looking for somewhere to eat your chips?" I queried.

"No. We're looking for a supermarket to get a loaf of bread so we can have chip butties!"

"Didn't the Chippie sell bread buns?" was the obvious suggestion thought I.

"Yeah, they did, but they were a quid each!"
Unbelievable.

LOST CLASSICS

FROM THE PUNK ROCK WARS

Vital Disorders "Zombie" 7"



"Post punk" threw up some very strange artefacts and the **Vital Disorders** 1982 single "**Zombie**" is one such curio. Picking it up for a quid on Boston Market's record stall it certainly passed the "Does it look punk?" test. The front cover juxtaposes a bullet laden soldier with a hospitalised and patched up bairn, the bandages covering his broken body contrasting meaningfully with the bullet belts that adorn the body of the troop he shares the cover with. Flip the cover though and, lorks-a-lordy, what have we here? Published by Cherry Red drops a hint we may have some quality punkage or, well, we may not ... the pictures of the band members however suggest we have an eclectic mix of social workers, primary school teachers, Sociology lecturers and pub rock casualties. There's a cornet player involved! They have keyboards! Pip looks like he worked at Scumbag University and went to the party in that episode of *The Young Ones*. Tina Pilchards (I'm not making this up!) (vox and sax) looks like the woman who hung around your college in

the 80's but never seemed to do anything and as for Jon, the shady looking drummer, resplendent in a moustache and dark glasses combo ... ladies control yourselves ... the less said the better. The single itself has promising Pistols-esque kidnapper lettering for the band's name making it look like a Riot City release. As is always the case however, you're only really gonna know if you drop the needle ...

Well, whaddya know ... it a bizarrely, compulsive funky mix of Chumbawamba agit-pop, grubby pubby Ian Drury Blockheadery and the get up and dance it's the end of the world loopiness of *The Molesters* (who we met in a previous issue). A surging bass line and parping horn section throb along as Tina (I think) wails her head off about well, not being a zombie, before the bananas chorus/mantra "**Zombie ohhh Zombie**" pops up with parps aplenty from Chet and his cornet. No matter how loopy it sounds I have to say this ruddy song was stuck in my head for days afterwards ... Of course there's more! "**Wargames**" on the b-side kicks off with a militaristic drum pattern before an upbeat ranting and raving against letting kids play with toy guns. Have to say I did that and can imagine the scolding looks Tina and co would have given me and my gang as we climbed trees and pretending to shoot baddies.

I did a bit of snooping on that there interweb and found a few videos of the band in action. "**Prams**" seems to have been their "big hit" (and a 7" now on my wants list) which it appears they performed live on some regional telly program in around 1983. Treading similar pathways to Kirsty MacColl's "**New England**" this particular number seems scathing about the prospects of working class girls at the time for who the future meant leave school and get pregnant. In front of the camera it has to be said, they looked magnificent! Front woman Tina channelling Johnny Rotten via Su Pollard with clothes pegs in her hair! Crazy scenes indeed ... and so another obscure 7" makes it in to the *Gadgie Towers Lost Classics Hall of Fame*! Anyone wanna sell me the "**Prams**" 7"?

ROOM 101

An Orwellian oblivion to which your pet hates, peeves and irritants can be banished forever and never to return and rile you again ...

Footballers are easy targets aren't they? Much as I am utterly obsessed with the beautiful game and the playing of it despite my advancing years, I do get ever maddened by it. This time out I propose complete and utter banishment to Room 101 for these ridiculous signature goal celebrations that the modern day player feels he must adopt each time he sends the ball in to the net. What's wrong with the old hands in the air, a holler of "Get in there" and then run back to the half way line? When I was at Primary School our legendary Headmaster took over the running of the team as Mr Stinson, the only other male teacher, left to go work at Loftus. Mr Stinson advocated a free flowing express yourself style of Football but his successor, Mr Howley had more of a Victorian approach to the game.

"None of this kissing and cuddling malarky you big soft apaths. You just shake the scorers hand and jog back to the half way line. Line up ready to go again. It will terrify the opposition!"

We all got well done for celebrating in any other way. When Plooms (as always not is real name) scored the winner in a quarter final once we all piled on and get shouted at by an apoplectic Headmaster on the sidelines who was disgusted at our unmanly conduct. To be fair we were only ten years old but those words have haunted my lengthy Football career ever since. So when I see players doing their "he always does that when he scores" charade I just think what a dip stick. Mr Howley wherever he is must be outraged ... Kissing the badge is the most insincere attempt at sincerity you'll ever see. Kissing the pay cheque is a more appropriate response. Kissing your wrists or your ring finger? Bellend! Do we live in some sort of medieval world? No. Stop it

nobber. Pointing to the heavens because someone died? Fuck's sake you tacky dick splat! Stop it! Cartwheels, somersaults and what not? You are a Footballer not a fucking gymnast! Wouldn't it be hilarious if it went wrong and you hurt yourself? Boxing the corner flag? Give me a break! Most Footballers would cack their yackers if they got anywhere near a Boxing ring for Bernie Slaven's sake. All that rolling about and pretending you need life saving surgery because a late tackle caught your ankle or someone dared touch your chest with their hand. Then you want me to believe you have some Boxing moves? You don't. You are a div. A massive div. Taking your shirt off? Why bother? You know you'll get a yellow card. It's in the Laws of the Game and you are meant to know them. So when you score a late winner and take your shirt off and the booking rules you out of the final don't come round here pissing and moaning that the Law is silly and has cost you a chance to play in the big game 'cos I won't listen you cretinous moron. How about keep your ruddy shirt on? How about don't take it off? It's not a difficult concept is it? Or is it? Maybe you have some new tattoos to show off? Some lines of your favourite poem or from a classic piece of literature? Your name in Chinese or summat? I couldn't give a monkeys scrotum you attention seeking arse biscuit. Knowing the intelligence of the average Footballer it will probably be a line from the Hungry fucking Caterpillar or the tattoo artist will have written "wanker" in Chinese but told him it means "Warrior" or something and then chuckled with his mates afterwards ... Signature goal celebrations? No. Unacceptable. Bernie Slaven wouldn't have done that.





The Blissetts are a punk rock band from Watford. I saw 'em at the Cheap as Chips Fest (see Gadgie 28) and they were great. Having a drink and having a laugh ... a Gadgie interview was discussed and ... here you go punks ... The Blissetts!

I assume you are named after the great Luther Blissett?

Yep we're The Blissetts from Watford. We are indeed named after the great Luther Blissett, legendary Watford striker and all round top man. Originally we were all Watford fans but as the band's line up has changed over the years there's been a lot of conflicting football loyalties. I'm Watford til I die, Ed, our bass monkey is Tottenham and the other two couldn't give a monkeys about football. Our original drummer Gaz was a Luton Town fan but he's off the medication for that now and has since seen the error of his ways. We played a gig in London last week and a guy came up to me and asked the same question about the bands name. He was a Brentford fan who had a striker called Gary Blissett and he

thought Gary was better than our Luther. Gary Blissett's total career goals is 124 where as our Luther's is 215, 'nuff said.

Watford have been in the Premier League and the Championship in recent years just like my beloved Middlesbrough. Is it better to be a strong side in the Championship having a good competitive season or struggling to simply stay in the Premier League so you can have your big days out at the big boys like Manchester United and Chelsea?

Now there's an interesting question! We've been in the Premier League twice and been the whipping boys both times. I hate all the capitalist bullshit that comes with the Premier League, matchdays changed for the purpose of Sky TV, all the corporate sponsorship, always being the last game featured on Match of the Day, Andy Gray, glory hunter supporters etc etc.... But on a football level we've never had the power to compete, be it player or money-wise. Graham Taylor once said that even if Watford did have millions and millions of pounds to spend on the best players, they'd still choose to go to your Arsenal, Liverpools and Man Utd's as they're the big fashionable clubs. But we do now have some proper owners who are in it for the football and not the money. I was as sceptical about the Pozzo's taking over the club and the appointment of Zola as boss but they've proved their worth, so I'll shut up and eat humble pie. The Championship is very competitive and a seriously hard league to get out of (unless your aim is relegation!). A lot of teams are dropping down from the Premier League to the Championship where they face financial meltdown if they don't make it back up before the parachute payments run out. We may be playing less glamorous games in the Championship but we're playing our best football in years. I like the Championship and I can't complain if we go up but the Premier League should come with a severe financial health warning.

The Blissetts then ...

what do you sound like then?

The Blissetts sound is a mash up of anarcho punk, oi and old skool rock. We like the anarcho punk politics but tend to write big oi style choruses to go with it. Our influences range from Conflict and Subhumans to oi bands like Cocksparrer and the older punk bands like Sham 69 and Angelic Upstarts. The Biggest influence on me personally were the Beggars ITA who mixed in all sorts of sounds and styles. We're also massive fans of AC/DC, there's the odd Angus Young inspired riff in our sound but it's all punk mostly. When we write songs I tend to write a big sing-a-long chorus so everybody can pick it up and join in. We try to keep a hold on the aggression musically so that the lyrics can shine through as after all, we've got messages to get across and it's pretty pointless if we all just go bat-shit and nobody can understand a word of what we're on about.

I first met you lot at the Cheap as Chips Festival. Did your guitarist really tell his family they were all having a nice family holiday on the lovely Lincolnshire coast in order to get to the fest!!!!???

Yes! it's not unusual for Arup Blissett to holiday near wherever he's playing. I do feel sorry for him and his family as Arup plays in loads of bands and it's not uncommon for him to have to come back home to do a gig smack bang in the middle of the family holiday. I always tend to avoid dragging him back from his holiday but he decided to go to the Lincolnshire coast on holiday anyway as he hadn't been there in ages. The Cheap as Chips Festival weekend was the sort of thing that legends are made of, we still talk about it now, it was the maddest thing that The Blissetts have ever been involved with. We were really gutted, especially Arup, when the girls running the Velvet Nightclub got booted out of the venue last year and the event cancelled.



How did you hook up with Eagle and his charity capers?

We were honoured to play the first ever Punk 4 the Homeless London gig at the Urban Bar in Whitechapel. I think we were put on through Watford ICM promoter Dan Impossible. It was a great night, and the first time I got to see Oiz II Men, Skurvi and Freedom Faction. We got onstage and just went for it, I remember leaping and stamping about on the stage trying to make it collapse onto the bar downstairs. I had a good chat with Eagle after the gig, he liked my Beggars ITA t-shirt and told me that he once put on a Beggars gig in Peterborough at a swimming pool and they had to have lifeguards on duty. We've done loads of gigs for Eagle since.

What do you think of folk who don't get what he does because of the Christian element to him (gigs in churches and so on) and the charity?

More fool them! It's no secret that The Blissetts are atheists, Arup comes from a Hindu background but chooses to follow no-one but himself. Our most popular song is called 'The God Delusion' and I have to admit to pangs of guilt when we play it in front of Eagle. But then again if more Christians were like Eagle we wouldn't have half the aggro that goes on in the world. I'd say Eagle is a Christian for the 21st century in that he doesn't have the hang-ups, bigotries or traditions of your run of the mill Christian's, I've not come across many like him so he's pretty unique. He's not asked us to play one of his church gigs and to be fair, given our beliefs, we wouldn't expect him to. We're not going to refuse to play for Punk 4 the Homeless just because Eagle is a Christian and anyone who does is a bit silly really. He raises money for starving, homeless kids so all power to him and we'll help out any way we can. I know bands that won't get out of bed unless their getting a couple of hundred quid so choose not to get involved, screw that, Punk for me is all about getting involved, making a difference and getting your voice heard, not about a fucking appearance fee. I want to see healthy well fed children with a place to sleep, so The Blissetts are proud to be involved with Punk 4 the Homeless. Plus Eagle is the only radio DJ mad enough to play our track 'Nothing To Lose (But Our Chains)' and get us our own bad language warning in the process.



What are your memories of that bonkers weekend?

Bloody hell, where do I start?

Saturday - I went up to the festival with Ed Blissett (bass monkey), we didn't arrive until late Saturday afternoon but managed to track Arup and his caravan down to a stretch of public land where you could camp without having to pay and it was right by the beach. Result! We had a barbeque at the caravan before heading down to the festival. We walked down the lane in total darkness and almost got run over a couple of times, but what do you expect when you wear camouflage jackets in the countryside? We propped up the bar and just watched the madness unfold before us. There was human bowling directly at the bands playing, duelling skinheads, and didn't Liam from Skurvi get his ankle broken somewhere along the line? I remember watching the Bionic Kuggerrands, the madness that is (was) the Dole Queue Heroes and how utterly fucking brilliant Ego's At the Door are? We played with them at the Punk 4 the Homeless all-dayer in Watford a few months before and were gobsmacked at how four small blokes could make such a big noise!! I'm sure there were people breathing fire somewhere too. We walked back to our tents at about two in the morning and I was woken by Ed repeatedly shouting 'FUCK OFF' from his tent and to this day he has no memory of that. There was also Arup ranting about a three-legged dog sniffing around, haven't got a clue what that was about.

Sunday - Spent the morning on the beach and got hit in the head by one of those whistling bomb things which was flung at me by Ajay Blissett (drummer). It was a beautiful hot day only spoiled by the mass invasion of ladybirds. Arup moved his caravan down to the festival car park thus taking up most of said car park. I remember Skurvi playing a blinder complete with battle damaged bass player, AtomBuzz, a

young band whose name escapes me but they didn't get the hang of the utensil heckling, Will Tunn and the Wasters and a bunch of big mouths called The Blissetts. That was a great gig, I remember doing 'Dumped on the Scrapheap' when the stage was rushed by the boys from the Dole Queue Heroes who grabbed me, lifted me up high and carried me around the venue whilst still singing and having to dodge the curled up humans that were being bowled at the stage. Ed nearly passed out during our set from sunstroke. Sadly myself and Ed had to leave after the gig as we were too dumb to book the next day off of work but this is when I understand things got REALLY out of hand. According to Arup there was a 70's disco complete with furniture jumping and complete stupidity. You just don't get that at Rebellion. Also we got to meet the legendary Marv Gadgie, source of many fantastic one-liners.

I wanna talk about some of your lyrics ... I assume you write them?

Yes I'm responsible for the lyrics, all except 'Devil's Garden' which was written by Ed, and 'Borstal Breakout' obviously.

The God Delusion ...

The God Delusion is probably our most popular song. I wrote the lyrics in five minutes flat and it just came together really well musically. Everything just seemed to slot into place and that was when we knew we were onto a winner. I gave the song the working title of 'The God Delusion' until we finished writing it. I wanted the proper name to be 'Belief without Question' but when I suggested the name change to the rest of the band I got shot down so we went with the working title. The lyrics are more an attack on organised religion rather than belief in God which is why I wanted to change the name. I can't accept people blindly believing things just because their religious leaders have told them so. It's also about religious intolerance, not just between religions, but towards atheists too. Basically I have an opinion and just because I don't believe in God

it doesn't make me any less of a person than someone who does. Certain religious factions are quick to slate others but scream injustice when the tables are turned on them, they can dish it but they can't take it. People forget that religion is the word of man, not God, so what's to stop man making up any old crap and promoting it in God's name? The last line of the song goes 'Belief without question I find funny, do you believe in the Easter bunny?' If you're going to blindly tow the line, then why not believe in a rabbit delivering chocolate treats?

Any more songs you care to talk about?

Okay then! Here's a quick overview of a few of my favourites. '**Dumped on the Scrapheap**' I wrote about spending over two years on the dole after leaving college. Okay it was a long time ago now but it was the Tories in power then and it's the Tories in power now and they're doing it all over again! It's about the totally bleak outlook of life on the dole. No job, no money, no future and it seemed nobody gave a toss. It was about this time that Beggars ITA released their 'Abandon Ship' single and I just totally connected with it as it seemed that the United Kingdom was a sinking ship and we were all going down with a one way ticket. That's where my lyric about having 'nothing but the Beggars on my stereo' came from. The song has got a bloody simple and very effective chorus. A guy came up to me at a gig a while back and said that the song had helped him through a difficult phase in his life, so it's great to know that my lyrics have helped someone through a difficult time. I champion the cause of the little bloke, because I remember what it was like when nobody would listen to me.

Next up is '**Death of Freedom**', this is the first song we wrote when Arup joined the band. It's an Anti-fascist rant about fascism sneaking in through the back door and how we'll quite happily piss away our liberty under the guise that the state will keep us safe but without ever considering the cost because once your liberty is gone, you're not getting it back.

As with times of economic woe, it's the immigrants, people on benefits etc... who cop the blame so we end up fighting each other when the real criminals responsible, the bankers and the Government, sit back and let us fight. As long as we're divided we'll never be united. People turn to the right wing, but the only thing they give a toss about is them and theirs. The BNP bang on about free speech but the reality is that if they ever got into power, free speech would be the first thing out of the window. I cannot and will not hate someone just because of their skin colour and anyone who does is a fucking moron.

'Liars, Cheats, Thieves and Politicians' is self explanatory! We're not anarchists, just four hard working blokes who want a fair deal. It's about the constant bullshit that spews from the mouths of Politicians and people fall for it every time. We wrote this just before the whole expenses scandal broke and we were bloody gutted that we didn't have a recorded version of it at the time. The lyrics just poured out of me and it came together pretty quickly. It's got a big oi-style chorus and a bass line that is pure AC/DC. We did record it eventually and released it on General Election day in 2010. It just amazes me that people think it will be different by voting out one bunch of morons and getting in different ones. It never changes, as some wit once said 'if voting changed anything, they'd ban it'. Blowing up Parliament won't change anything as systems are made of people, not buildings. We need to change the mindset of the public as a whole and come up with some new ideas.

'Nothing to Lose but our Chains' was the first song I ever wrote. Very heavily influenced by Conflict and deals with being born into a system which then holds you in place and works you to death while taking everything you've got and leaving you with as little as possible before spewing you out at the end of your life. It's about taking your life back and doing things your own way regardless of what anyone else tells you to do. This song is very effective live,

everyone loves it and even the mildest meekest person in the crowd is effing and blinding away by the end of it.

Thatcher! Every 80's punk band's nemesis finally shuffled off this mortal coil recently to much media frenzy. Did you grow up under Thatcher? Did she pinch your milk as well?

Yes I did and what I remember most was the feeling of impending nuclear doom. My parents are both Thatcherites and I just don't get why. All Thatcher ever did was help herself and her rich friends, it couldn't be more evident that she didn't give a toss about the working class. She destroyed the Unions but never considered the millions of people behind the Unions who just wanted a fair deal for their families. She laid the foundations for privatisation which is why your gas, electricity, water, train fares etc... are so damn expensive now. Obviously there were the Miners, but she also had the Police smash up the Print workers and Travellers at Stonehenge. She used the Police as her own private army and boy did that backfire at the Poll tax demonstration at Trafalgar Square. She wasted the lives of British soldiers to protect a massive colony of sheep on the Falkland Islands, but nothing wins you an election like a good war. I remember my secondary school literally falling down around us during lessons, so much so, that we had to be moved to a completely new school. She hated football, blaming the sport for all of society's ills which is why I thought it bloody hilarious that they considered making football fans do a minutes silence after she died. Her government were responsible just as much as the Police for covering up Hillsborough, so on behalf of every football fan I can say 'you can go and get fucked if you think you're getting a minutes silence out of us'. Basically I'm glad to see the back of her. She was the first female Prime minister, but through her actions will probably also be the last. Iron lady, rust in peace you old bag and give me my fucking milk back.

Record Store Day is tomorrow! A great way to support vinyl, indie shops and the likes in the face of the download revolution or just some other way for the music industry to wring more ££ out of the punters? Are you off to an indie shop somewhere really early hoping to score some ultra limited 7" or summat?

Sadly there are no record shops left around here. There are only two shops in the whole of Hertfordshire taking part in Record Store Day. We've got a small second hand record stall in Watford Market, but I've had everything half decent off of him and there's a small second hand shop over in Bushey but every time I go there it's shut! Personally I'm after vinyl every day of the week, Car boot sales are great for picking up really cheap records, there's always a gem to be found among the Des O'Connor and Engelbert Humperdink albums and last summer I got Nirvana's 'Bleach' album for 20p!! I've just taken delivery of the long deleted picture disc of Argy Bargy's 'The Likes of Us' album for six of your English pounds. But apart from that, I usually get records from gigs and mail order, it's also a great way to get to know the bands on a personal level.

There used to be a shop called 'Past and Present Records' which is where I spent most of my teenage years. Me and my mates must have spent tens of thousands of pounds in there over the years. We'd be in there for hours. The shop was split over two rooms, the first room was nothing but vinyl: albums, 12 inches, 7 inch singles, picture discs, special editions ... they had the lot. The second room had CD's and a big box at the back with deleted singles from the 50's, 60's and 70's. What made this place special was that you'd walk out of the shop, go down the side road and there was a second hand shop owned by the same people. This place was packed to the rafters with vinyl, it was everywhere! Sometimes we had to wait outside for people to come out before we could go in, not because there were loads of people in there, but due to the sheer

amount of vinyl, you just couldn't move! The staff were really friendly, they'd always put stuff aside for us. There used to be a Saturday boy called Miles, who was an indie kid, he now works for the computer game people who are Watford FC's shirt sponsors. I've got about 800 records and I'd say at least 85% of my whole collection came from that shop. Sadly they cut down on the vinyl and pretty much just did CD's for a while. They eventually shut down the main shop about 7 years ago and moved everything into the second hand shop. I think they did that for a year or so before they shut up completely. So now we have no record shops in Watford at all. HMV have just packed up and left town, which is no great loss, they were always the most expensive of the lot. There's a massive gap in the market for a decent record shop in South Hertfordshire!

The thing is for me, I like to have the LP sleeve, the pull out with the lyrics etc... I just love the whole vinyl package, my favourite sleeve of all time has got to be Iron Maiden's 'Somewhere in Time' I've sat for hours studying that sleeve, you don't get that detail on CD. Plus punk rock sounds better on vinyl!!! We're recording The Blissetts first album soon and I'd love to bring it out on vinyl, or even a single would be great! Vinyl is for winners. If anyone has got a copy of Beggars Bitch's 'Victory to the ANC' flexi disc that they want to sell then get in touch!



Time to sign off ...

Who are the best punk band ever?

Blaggers ITA - uncompromising and not afraid to fuck with musical boundaries or fascists.

What's the best NON punk record ever?

Iron Maiden's 'Powerslave', best metal album ever, not a dud track on it, even the instrumental is a belter, never thought they'd top 'Number of the Beast' but they did with Powerslave. My mate lives down the road at number 667, he's the neighbour of the beast.

Vinyl or CD or MP3?

Vinyl is for winners, all hail the only true recorded music format. You can't lose with vinyl, even if the music's shit, it makes a fucking brilliant Frisbee!

Star Wars or Star Trek?

Star Wars, Yoda is hard as nails, he'd do the entire Enterprise crew in a fight.

Pistols or Clash?

The Pistols. Never been a fan of The Clash, although the other Blissetts boys are big fans.

Favourite Blondie song?

Call Me.

Batman or Superman?

Superman. Natural powers beats gadgets.

How do we get in touch with The Blissetts?

What's next? 7"? 12"? LP? World tour ...

We are contactable at www.theblissetts.co.uk and our email is paul@theblissetts.co.uk or through Facebook www.facebook.com/theblissettsuk or on MySpace (if anyone still uses it) and Reverbnation. We're currently working on our first album 'Fanning the Flames of Discontent' and hope to have it out in the summer. I'd like to put new song 'Born to Rule' out as a 7" single and then gigs aplenty to promote the bastard! The Blissetts - coming soon to a dive near you!

GUEST GADGIE!

COOKIE ITCHY BUM

I went and watched that there Baseball again last night. The missus and I were given complimentary tickets as part of the goodie bag any race I run normally has. You normally get guff like flyers (shit), a bottle of water (to add to the 5 I already stole on the course), a banana (good) and a shirt that I will never wear because I already have TwelvtySquillion race shirts in my wardrobe. But yeah, a ticket to watch a game of, what we as English see, exaggerated Rounders. Blokey in the middle chucks it, blokey with the bat hits it and other blokey types run after it while he tries to get to the first base thing.

The first thing that strikes you is the complete lack of segregation. It just so happened to be the Anaheim Angels (who used to be called the LA Angels) against the LA Dodgers. People were mingling around, all with their various shirts and hats and whatever. The Dodgers fans, wearing primarily blue, made the short trip down from Los Angeles and were giving it the big one pretty much the whole time and NOTHING KICKED OFF. These Yanks are an odd lot. I saw one lad being escorted out, probably because of his stupid haircut and bum fluff moustache combo, which I now fear will have me paying for expensive therapy to have removed from my mind's eye.

The second thing that you notice is what cocks baseball fans are. They're utter cocks. They're probably even worse than Liverpool fans with their deluded belief they're still relevant and how it's somehow still 1983. Baseball fans have one chant. And it's shit. It's "Let's Go <<insert team name>>". And that's it. Frankly, it's embarrassing. I tried to get the "If I had the wings of a sparrow" chant going, but they looked at me like *I'M* the weird one. ME!?

You're the ones sitting next to your biggest rivals and you're not even stamping on his head! The bloody cheek of it!

Occasionally, these human Barbie dolls come out and fire rolled-up t-shirts into the crowd by way of a high-powered air gun that looks like a discarded idea from a Star Wars/Terminator hybrid comic. I badly want one of these, if only to make the single greatest spudgun ever and shoot it at those trendy hipster types that live near me and insist on paying \$9 for a Triple Caramelised-Mocca-Chocca-Frappa-Wanka with added shots of ginger and cinnamon, while the rest of us pay \$2 for a "coffee". You know the types. The ones that spend \$80 on a broken chair, hang it from the high-vaulted ceiling and think it's "artistic" or wear Atari shirts and have never played Frogger in their life. Wankers.

But I digress.

The girls, with their carved-on-their-faces smiles, strut around the outside of the outfield and hurl gifts and shirts into the crowd, simultaneously giving 14 year olds erections while the married men get slaps and evil stares from the wives. It's around this time that 300 inflated beach balls suddenly appear around the stadium and suddenly everyone develops the I.Q. and arm-flapping techniques of your average walrus and hoot and holler like it's the most amazing thing that's ever happened in their lives as they bat away the BRIGHTLY COLOURED BALLS.

One noticeable difference when it comes to American stadiums is the staff they have that wander around the steps and aisles with food and drink, so that you don't have to walk the punishing 30 feet (that's a long way for a fat baseball fan) to the concourse to get a bag of peanuts or a hotdog. They walk around shouting whatever it is they're selling and generally getting on your nerves. Ah! That reminds me. Dear America - this means all of you - when you go to a game of baseball or footy or whatever it is, would you mind kindly

sitting the fuck down and not repeatedly walking backwards and forwards and showing your belly to the girl 2 rows behind me? Americans have this bizarre fascination with going to sporting events and then spending most of it walking around like and extra from a Romero film.

So, let's recap. You're at a sporting event where the big screens constantly flash and scroll for you to cheer and "MAKE SOME NOISE!", while paedophile-bait girls fire compact rolls of t-shirts at you while you duck a barrage of inflatable balls that are being swatted your way by gormless morons. This is made harder by the scores of imbeciles that stand in your way whilst you try to catch a glimpse of what's happening between people carrying around boxes of hot dogs and burgers. In essence, everyone doing everything they can to distract you from actually watching the fucking game.

And that's because anyone that has lived in America for more than 6 months develops the attention span of a... oooh look, a big truck on TV.

Cookie now lives in the USA. I imagine they love him. (Marv)

Ta ra then.

I'll now hand you over to Mr Paul Benton who has risen from his musty tomb in the great fanzine cemetery and walks amongst the living once more tearing at our flesh and swearing loudly in public! The bloody hooligan. I've never heard 'owt like it.

Get in touch with at me Gadgie Towers
via email: nowthengadgie@hotmail.co.uk
via Facebook if you search for [Gadgie Fanzine](#)
via Twitter: Follow me! [@MarvGadgie](#)
If you want a postal address to send rare
Blondie records to just ask.

Marv (Summer 2013)



INITONIT REBORN!

A rage from the grave

Hello, I'm back.

I never really went away – like Thatcherism, Capitalism, the Daily Mail... – except I have fucking morals! I've been writing columns for such awesome zines as Lights Go Out and Gadgie (arse fucking Initonit for my rebirth) and ranting on Facebook, Twitter and blogging on Tumblr.

Yep, Initonit went technological – but you can't beat paper zines right?

Well, many of the distros who helped me have died and got married and stuff and many independent venues and record shops have bitten the dust as the repent continuous onslaught of Thatcherism produced yet another fucking recession!

Anyway, enough bollocks from me – you can read much more of that in the following pages.

I'm **@initonit** on Twitter, **initonit.tumblr.com** on Tumblr and the group's called **Initonit** (sur-fucking-prise) on Facebook.

And thanks must go to Chantelle (Charlie) Dukes for the new Initonit cover art.

Paul

Yeah, really?

The moment of clarity hit me on a cold winter evening staggering home with a head full of Stella. Walking in the shadow of Peterborough Cathedral this rant came to me as my devout atheism flooded my alcohol-ravaged brain.

And I thought, Christians and Muslims, yeah, really? I mean, really? Come on. Do you really believe there is a mystical place filled to the brim with every person that has ever lived? How fucking big would that be? Jesus, heaven would be the size of the fucking universe. Come on, think about it!

What fucking evidence is there? Really? Where does this amazing mystical paradise reside? How many fucking dimensions do you think there are? The human brain is a wonderful, exciting and mysterious lump – have you seen how much zombies crave these things for fucks sake? It is capable of creating anything – including alternative realities – especially with the help of drugs and alcohol – and that's what some control freak's over-active imagination has done – good fucking story though!

I mean, come on, isn't it so convenient for our rulers? We accept our lot in life – however bad it may be – because we know we are going to paradise after we snuff it! Wow, what a good fucking ruse that was – can't believe people bought it for so long – and some fucks are still buying it!

But, gotta hand it to you, everlasting paradise is a fucking fine reward – we all wish a little bit that the story was true – many still hope it is – most, in their heart of hearts accept it's bollocks. It's kind of arrogant to think you're worthy of immortality really – yeah we live on through our children, through the trees we fertilise, through people's memories, through the stuff we build and create etc etc, so yeah, we're kind of immortal – for a little while anyway!

The earth existed for millions of years before you. In the whole of that time you were nothing – you knew nothing, you were nothing, and the earth still went on evolving – and it'll do the same after you've fucked the bucket – you know it and I know it. It'd be arrogant to think otherwise.

Although I do understand the fear of non-existence – the fear of knowing nothing, being nothing and the world continuing without us – people we know and love continuing without us. But on the other hand, if we are nothing then we won't know it and won't feel it – it'll be painless.

And, just think what a wonderful fucking world it would be if it were completely free of the shackles of religion. That really would be heaven on earth: No control, people doing what they want, people living for today, people doing what makes them happy all the time – bliss!

So why the fuck aren't all atheists living like that?

White Clouds & Gunfire

White Clouds and Gunfire are a young pop punk band from Peterborough, UK. I love their enthusiasm and catchy tunes, so decided to give the next generation a voice in Initonit Reborn. I emailed my questions to singer Evlelyn.

I've got to start with the blindingly boring fanzine standard – where does your name come from?

It comes from a line in the Musical "South Pacific". One of the characters mistakes the gunfire smoke from the naval battles, for clouds on the horizon. We like it because the name suggests the combination of calm (white clouds) and obtrusiveness (gunfire) which kind of describes us. A lot of the time we get underestimated or misjudged, especially as I'm only 4ft 9" – it's always nice when you can prove people wrong with what you can do as a performer and totally surprise them with the energy we have on stage.

Has it been difficult forming a band in a city (Peterborough) which seems to have less and less venues each year?

We're really lucky being a band from Peterborough. Everyone is into lots of different types of music, everyone seems to be in a band, so everyone knows what it's like to be in a self supported band and therefore we all support one another. We were all really sad when Club Rev closed its doors, it was like an end of an era! Peterborough still has awesome venues though, the met lounge and now The Green Room, and we only have Leicester and Cambridge a short drive away. So really, we're in a great place!

Am I right in thinking that you (Evlelyn) didn't start off as the band's lead singer – when did you decide to step from behind the keyboards?

About 5 years ago, our then lead singer got the opportunity to join a signed band in Holland. . I had always sung backing vocals and had 1 or 2 songs in our live set that I'd sing lead, So when he left, it just seemed like a natural progression for us.

How's the album coming on? What kind of thing does the band deal with lyric wise? Do you see the album as a natural progression from the Zero To Hero EP?

The Zero to Hero EP was mainly about taking control of your life and giving you the strength and encouragement to do the things you wish for. Writing an album gives me the opportunity

to sing about a whole range of different things. No ones life is just black and white, it's all those shades of grey that make it exciting or tough. I'm influenced by my shades of grey or those close to me. Hopefully, people will listen to the album, connect with it on some level and find their own shades of grey in there.

You have shot official – and rather fine – videos for the songs Dreams and Turn Out The Lights – was that an intimidating experience?

Shooting videos is tiring and hard work, but it's the funnest thing ever! Filtering through all the ideas, finding a location and then getting through the whole process takes us months. But then when you see the final product it's awesome! Our close friend Lewis Cater has done our last 2 videos and we couldn't be happier with how he's taken our songs to the next level. We're actually in the process of starting next one....

You seem quite a “positive” band if you don’t mind me saying – quite a refreshing change from the “woe is me” lyrics of many young bands these days. Must be difficult being positive in Peterborough?

HA! Ok, Peterborough is grey, and it seems to have a permanent grey cloud over it, but it's our hometown. Positive is a state of mind. We're all really fortunate to have a really strong support network behind us, whether it be from our family or our friends. Apart from the occasional bumps in the road, we've not really got a lot to grumble about.

Your first release was one of the infamous split singles The Destructors have been putting out – how do you feel about that release looking back?

Alan and The Destructors, give Peterborough bands an amazing opportunity to get their music out there and heard. Back then, it was split EPs and now, it's the "This is Peterborough" album. We were younger then and we'd like to think our music has come a long way. Our early stuff is a bit cringe worthy and we laugh about it, but you've got to start somewhere!

Who is the biggest geek in the band and why?

I don't think there's a specific geek in the band, but we are all definitely "unique" in our own little ways.

Who is the band’s most rock ‘n’ roll member and why?

I think the boys would like to think they're more "lads" than rock and roll – WHEY

Which other Peterborough bands should we be checking out?

I could be here for a while but here goes: Stringfinger, Radicus, We are Fiction, A Great Notion, Whisky Jaxx, Tu Amore, Camel Toe, A Story To Tell and I could go on and on!

The things I've scene!

At 41 years young, I've written a lot of fanzines (I wrote the first Initonit at 17), been to a lot of gigs (first was Motorhead in Skegness when I was 15) and bought a lot of music (remember

buying King Diamond and Anthrax on vinyl from Spalding W H Smiths, but some things never change!

Gig prices have gone up (for big gigs anyway - you can still get into a DIY gig for a fiver), small venues have closed (rising beer prices, recession, the X-Box Generation, the smoking ban...) and the way we buy and listen to music have changed drastically (I still love the sound of vinyl), but people still bicker about the stuff which really doesn't matter!

One think about the DIY scene is that the cult of celebrity means nothing in our world - you can chat to members of your favourite band in the bar before a gig and email them a fanzine interview without going through agents who think they're bigger than the "stars" themselves, but people will still scream "sell out" if you shift a few units, support a well-known band or sign to the wrong label. In fact, the notion of popularity, or, Satan forbid, making a living out of doing what you loved is frowned upon more than admitting a liking for the Justin Bieber!

And how dare you start too young or carry on too long??? Ageism is alive and well in all aspects of the music scene - you hear people at Rebellion whinge when a young band (going for only 10 years) gets higher billing than a band who have been going strong for 30 years (even if they are rubbish) and you hear the "youngsters" dismiss bands because they are "past it". Age brings experience kiddies, and youth brings exuberance - both have their place in our scene.

I don't like the fact that it's still hard for under-18s to get into see their favourite bands and there plenty of venues that older people snobbishly dismiss as "kiddie joints", so the notion of real all-ages shows are a bit of a pipe dream - which is a shame!

Fur-k off

Seeing fur return to the catwalks highlights the despicable trend of consumerism coming before compassion.

This backlash again "PC gone mad" has swung so far in the wrong direction that the moral sat nav has committed electronic suicide.

Former Peta models are now trailing blood as they prance around in expensive skins which were torn from innocent animals by mass murderers who would have trouble sleeping at night had they a soul.

If many of us believe that most people would stop eating meat if they had to kill and prepare the animal themselves, then maybe these "models" should get down on their hands and knees and be prepared to get bloody.

Kate Moss you're scum. J-Lo, you're scum too and that talentless nobody P-Diddy.

Vogue believes it should continue to report on fur because "it's fashionable". In that case, why didn't the Sun or Mirror reproduce any of the thousands of Michael Jackson jokes the day after he died? They were fashionable too. They were flying around every pub, office and factory in the country. But the papers would be branded sick if they printed those. Doesn't that make Vogue sick?

What kind of cunt puts money before life? The fur-using fashion houses, the child labour using clothing manufacturers and the pharmaceutical industry which relies on useless animal experiments and dangerous patents, that's what kind of cunts.

It is impossible to know how many banks, businesses and shops have dodgy investments, but it seems to me that at least half of the money which changes hands in our capitalism society every day is stained with blood.

Who says the system doesn't need to change?

The price of punk

When did the spirit of punk get sold down the river exactly? Ebay has helped nail that rotting corpse good and hard. If all record collectors are indeed arseholes then there's a lot of shit on the internet.

Vinyl is making stupid prices, T-shirts and limited CDs too. Why? Who'd want to buy a used ticket stub? A fucking idiot, that's who! Surely, the only reason for buying music is to listen to it? So what does it matter if it's a first edition, a limited edition or a heroin-soaked prostitution period edition?

Wise up fuckers, don't pay through the nose for what is, after all, just another album!

I guess old punk rock becoming "collectable" does legitimise the movement – as if it ever was up for fucking question – or, indeed, needs legitimising!

It does seem ironic that anti-capitalist stuff like Crass is now actually worth something.

One has to wonder what today's bands' merch will fetch in years to come?

That's one thing good to come out of the MP3 generation – products aren't beyond the price range of the average person!

The great immigration debate

There's been a disturbing attempt recently to separate anti-immigration sentiments and racism. Those on the right – generally supporters of the vile UKIP (UK's Independent Pricks) – to claim that it's wrong to call them racist and their concerns are over public services etc.

Bollocks!

What a bunch of thick cunts! Hiding behind tirades of "anti-PC" rants these thick fucks offer nothing to any sensible political debate and instead group all immigrants together, dehumanise them and scapegoat them! If that isn't racism then what is?

I think it actually makes it worse that these fuckers are in total denial – or are they too cowardly to admit their racism.

The terrifying fact is that these creatures have twisted the debate so much in online forums and evil Facebook groups that to call anybody racist is now seen as "PC" and only anti-English attacks can – in their tiny minds – be branded "racist". Any other attack is question and scrutinised beyond belief.

There is a carefully co-ordinated campaign by anti-immigration groups to hound and intimidate anybody that dares to question their beliefs. Under normal circumstances (still not OK I emphasise) it would be passed off as part of the "left-right" battle, but it's creeping into mainstream society – especially through the likes of the Daily Mail and Express – the lowest of the fucking low in other words!

They say they are “anti-immigration, not anti-immigrant” and that it’s the “government’s fault” and carefully say that “racist comments won’t be tolerated” – they are of course. Anti-muslim posts appear next to anti-EU posts in the Facebook groups – despite the fact that there hasn’t been a single issue with Muslims in these towns in history. And the posts lump all immigrants together and actually attack any positive newspaper stories connected with immigrants – if that isn’t racism what is? They’re in fucking denial as well!

In small towns the debate has been ignited by agricultural workers daring to speak another language in the street – and all of a sudden every crime, piece of rubbish on the floor and drunken fool is blamed on immigrants. I’m sick of fucking hearing it and I’m sick of fucking racism apologists. Hiding behind vague political rhetoric is fucking cowardly – racism is rac

MegaPunk Versus GiantEmo

The whining vocals from Sad Boys and the Wrist Cutters’ lead singer filled Aaron with their incessant whinges about parents, bullies and how girls hate him. The ultra-rich poster boy sure has a lot of troubles for an ultra-rich poster boy.

As the music (for want of a better word) filtered through to the friendless twat’s brain something strange started to happen. This was the 150th time today this particular song had penetrated Aaron’s rather large ears and this time the hypnotic guitar wanking of axe hero Lonely Face messed with the chemicals in the already confused adolescent brain a strange transformation began to distort Aaron Lane into something beyond comprehension.

At first, the contortion which twisted the emo-kid’s expression looked like Aaron’s normal “wank face” when he was watching the singer from Poor Rich Girls bend over and flash her cleavage during You Broke My Cindy Doll’s Heart. But the wank face quickly gained far too much loose skin as the rest of Aaron’s rapidly growing body took far too long to catch up with his floppy face.

The emo tunes grew louder and louder and Aaron’s ears grew bigger and bigger. Soon the emokids head exploded through his mum’s roof and his leg smashed through the bedroom floor and into the lounge. Aaron’s dad was squashed like a bug on the floor, his guts spraying out all over the new cream carpet – making it look like some piece of modern art bollocks.

Aaron’s new GiantEmo form screamed in agony as it realised that now it actually had a decent sized penis it was too fucking large to actually screw anyone without rupturing their insides resulting in the ultimate death fuck.

As his arms annihilated the roof and his foot squashed a passing bully’s car, Aaron began his murderous rampage of revenge of the world which had mocked him so.

Patrick’s diet of Discharge was steadily defeating his blues with a deafening barrage of fucking cool riffs. He almost failed to hear the scream of dying cool kids over War Is Hell, but the howl from Skanky Slut was a noise he’d heard a million times before when she was locked in his bedroom.

The brain-altering orgasmic death scream almost deafened the angry punk rocker. He curled up into a ball as his body began to expand in every way and the rented block of flats quickly

collapsed under the giant punk creature that had been created through a jealous giant emo crushing a fit girl to death.

Filled with the fury of a Skitsystem LP, MegaPunk stomped on the police station, squashing officers like they were Skittles filled with blood, bones and twisted entrails. Then he spotted him. Fucking GiantEmo was bleeding all over the pub. Gallons of gushing life force droned drinker after drinker and the gagged on a raging torrent of blood. Like bloated vampires, their bodies floated to the surface of GiantEmo's ocean of blood streaming from its badly cut wrist.

MegaPunk noticed the source of the river of blood immediately and flopped out an enormous cock and blasted the scarred wrist with a jet of 90% proof piss. The alcohol stung the cuts, causing GiantEmo to howl in agony.

"I thought those fuckers liked pain", MegaPunk thought to himself as the stream of piss halted the river of blood.

GiantEmo gave a howl of agony that sounded like a million whining souls reaching up from hell. In a pit of pure uncharacteristic rage, the monstrous misfit picked up a car full of popular girls and hurled it into MegaPunk's mouth. The explosion of body parts caught the 50 foot punk rocker off guard for a second, before he knocked GiantEmo back with a stream of projectile vomit.

GiantEmo brushed himself down, gagging from the 90% proof sick that splashed the lightweight's ultra-stretched LonelyBoy T-shirt. He took off his giant glasses and hurled them at MegaPunk. The giant punk was too slow to duck, but a raised defensive arm deflected the NHS specs away from his face and into the face of an old boss, squashing him against a Primark wall.

The mayhem was insane. The army had been called in to blast all sorts of shit at the warring alternative kids – but the shit did shit as the battling beasts carried on their fight, brushing aside bombs, bullets and missiles as if they were flies.

But the battle could not last forever. MegaPunk delivered a below the belt kick in GiantEmo's giant bollocks sending him into the sky and crashing into the sea. Three huge strides later, MegaPunk was upon the geeky creature who had never learned to swim. Another bullock kick sent the howling emo into the deepest part of the ocean – deeper even than the drowning emo was tall. And, as GiantEmo uttered his last breath, MegaPunk stubbed his toe on an oil rig, fell backwards and caught his head on random rock jutting out of the sea, falling facedown into the endless ocean, he too drowned.

NB No emos were self-harmed during the writing of this story.

Living in the lap of luxury

Most of us feel we're fucking skint. Of course, we judge how fucking skint we are comparatively. Compared to the the Queen, MPs and fucking bankers we are indeed very fucking skint. But that's what the archaic notions of capitalism do to you – they make you “keep up with the Jones” and compare your wealth to the bloke in the pub. Success is judged on owning the latest mobile phone, laptop or games console not how happy you are and how much good you do in the world.

Yes I'm a fucking idealist – get over it! I don't own much “stuff”, don't drive a big car and don't have a mortgage. But, comparatively speaking I'm rich as fucking fuck – when that comparison stretches to those who can't afford a fucking meal let alone a bloody TV. I'm not on the street, I don't live in a war zone, I don't get abused because of the colour of my skin and I don't live somewhere where you can get shot for liking punk rock! Yeah, I got it easy – but so do you!

That's why emo can be fucking annoying – whining rich kids who are upset because mummy and daddy don't get their fashion sense, their friends don't understand their music and that fit guy/girl at school/college doesn't want to fuck their brains out. Get the fuck over it!

Sure helping at the soup kitchen or buying a Big Issue can help you alleviate your guilt temporarily and make you feel like you're “making a difference man”, but you're still a fucking rich fuck aren't you?

This is probably the most blindingly obvious rant I've ever written when it comes to twatting someone in the face with the truth – but sometimes you need to be twatted with the mind-fuckingly obvious for a moment of clarity to burrow through your skull past all the mundane bollocks that swaps our brains.

Brought down to the red raw and fucking bleedingly short phrase – appreciate what you have – and fucking get off your arse and make a difference.

Remembering a forgotten woman

The film *Dreams Of A Life* was on TV the night before I decided to write this. Made in 2011, it tells the story of Joyce Vincent, a pretty woman in her late 30s who lay dead in her bedsit for three years before her body was discovered.

A heartbreaking film – if you don't cry you have no soul – the journalist talks to Joyce's former friends and colleagues to try and piece together what happened. There are no answers – just sadness.

Highlighting how little we know about each other and how easy it is to be secretive and lonely while surrounded by people is brought into sharp focus.

The interviews raised more questions than they answered about the woman's life and begged the larger question – how well do you really know the people around you?

Of course, the other point raised is that if people need help and don't ask for it then what can you do?

I guess I would ask, do they really know they can come to you for help?

It does seem odd for me that you can go for three years without paying rent, gas, electricity and council tax without someone busting down the door, but this film shows that that really is possible.

We read time and time again about how we're always under surveillance and how Big Brother is always "watching you" – not that fucking closely when he wants to turn a blind eye it seems. The old adage of looking out for your neighbours really could apply here – it doesn't matter how old they are, just look out for each other.

When living in Louth, my elderly neighbour saw all the comings and goings in the small drive into which my flat backed and it was quite reassuring knowing that if anyone dodgy arrived or if anything was amiss we me it'd be noticed.

I still live alone and it does terrify me that there is no one to call an ambulance if I slip in the bath or fall face-first into a vegan pizza and burn the fuck outta said face – I really don't want to be killed by a vegan pizza – however fucking ironic that would be.

Life is lonely for some people – luckily, I got good friends, family and punk rock to see me through – make sure the people around you have something to see them through. It also reminds us that there's no point in being a global activist and fighting for national and international causes if we don't care about those in our immediate surroundings. Activism begins at home and in how we treat our friends and family.

A social distraction

Every time I turn on the computer they're there screaming at me. Face-fucking-book and Twitter yell for attentions and online shopping, news reading and band listening flies out the window. Sometimes I even turn the fucking thing off having done fuck all about the original reason I turned the fucking machine on! Social networking is a huge distraction and a highly-addictive one.

Sure they're good for telling people about gigs (my social life is pretty much organised on Facefuck these days) and for saying "don't eat meat ya cunt" lots of times, but it still draws me away from the real business of the day – such as seeing how many times I can say "cunt" in one fanzine!

But it's not just at home – you see people on it at fucking gigs and in the company of friends down the boozer. People say "I'm at so and so" on both Fuckface and Tit-wanker!

It's rude enough sitting next to someone who spends the whole fucking night sending random texts instead of looking you in the face while you chat or who spend the whole of the headline band's set texting some cunt who they'll see the next day anyway!

Now I've seen people checking their Facebook at fucking gigs – sometimes while the band is on. It seems that paying a tenner for a ticker is nothing, it seems that the sonic assault of brutal punk doesn't matter if some cunt "likes" your latest status.

It doesn't matter where you are as long as you can tell people of Facebook or Twitter – I mean, seriously?

It is quite fun glancing at other people's phones though – private messages aren't really private in a public place now are they?

It's a fucking addiction. I find myself constantly looking at my phone at work in case the green light is flashing telling me I have a text! I do the same at home, it's fucking annoying. Unlimited

texting means you text random shit to people and the art of actually talking to people seems to be dead – what’s wrong with fucking calling someone up?

Iggy Pop and other inspirations

I’m loathe to use the word “hero” when it comes to pampered rock stars, film stars and sports stars. Calling rich, well-paid people that is kind of demeaning to those who liberate animals from abusive situations, rescue kids from burning houses or lay their lives on the line standing up to oppressive regimes.

There’s a line in an old AOS3 song that says “you won’t find statues of the real heroes”, never has a truer sentence been uttered.

For this reason, stars who I respect, listen to and I feel speak to me I call “inspirations”, not heroes. Besides, having film star “heroes” at 41 is really fucking lame – and I know I’m lame – just not that fucking lame!

Iggy Pop’s Brick By Brick album was one of the first albums I could really call “inspirational”. I know it’s no Stooges or Lust For Life, but it introduced me to the Godfather of Punk’s work and made me work backwards.

I recently replaced my old cassette of Brick with a CD version, and songs such as Starry Night still ring true. It’s a shame he hasn’t done a really great album since this early-’90s rocker.

I guess it’s Iggy’s energy, never-say-die attitude and, yeah, lust for life, that really inspires me – it certainly isn’t his casual sexism and conservatism! But I guess that’s the point isn’t it? Our inspirations are one-dimensional characters – we take their media persona and stick them on a pedestal, ignoring the flaws. It does, of course, become harder to ignore such flaws when every aspect of celebrity is now on show as the age of the internet drives a fucking tank through their personal lives and Twitter becomes a noticeboard for people’s inner-most thoughts. If I ever got famous (probably for being a cunt) I’d stalk the fuck out of the Paparazzi. But aren’t we all members of the “pap” now with our camera phones and instant access to the internet even in the fucking desert?

I digress (for a change). My other big “inspiration” is Peter Cushing. As an obsessive lover of old Hammer films I try to see anything and everything this great actor did – the fact he was in Star Wars and played Sherlock Holmes just makes him even more awesome in my mind.

But Cushing did seem to be a genuinely nice guy.

I recently saw a feature called Life With Sir on The Curse of Frankenstein blu-ray. It’s an utterly heartbreaking documentary about his secretary’s life working for Cushing and about his total devotion to his wife – if you ever want an example of a real-life romance watch that – you will cry!

I’ve never made any secret of the fact I prefer vampires and zombies to brutal torturing bastards in my horror films, so Cushing being a gentleman of horror fits naturally into the type of entertainment that helps me chill the fuck out.

Of course, I can’t write an article such as this without mentioning punk fucking rock!

The lyrics of bands like Conflict, Subhumans and Paranoid Visions are a total fucking inspiration. My passion for animal rights was born out of listening to punk lyrics; they have and continue to shape and inspire my life. I doubt I’ll ever tire of listening to Billy Bragg, Napalm Death and

Conflict – I always turn to them when I'm stressed, pissed off and low – and when I'm happy, inspired and taking on the world! But that is what music is – it's a soundtrack for your life and it's always there. Films are cool, Dr Who always has some laugh-out-loud philosophies, but you can stick an MP3 or CD on at any time these days – it's there when you need it!

Of course, books, human rights activists and philosophers continue to provide inspiration. But now we take the pieces that makes us think and ignore – or try to – the arsehole parts of the speaker's personality! But I don't think calling philosophers and celebrities heroes is right – and we often forget that those who shape our lives the most are our friends and families.

China Drum vs the trains

The news that China Drum were playing a gig in London after a 13 year break almost made me spunk all over my keyboard. And tickets were only a fiver. Fucking fuck – I was there. February 21, 2012 was the date and excitement really did take over. I got to a fucking lot of gigs – but I loved Goose Fair and Self Made Maniac – and, in fact had only replaced by old tape copies with CDs last year. – and so I was more excited than normal.

Being a Thursday night, I didn't have work the next day (I work four long days) and so I bought my travel ticket in advance on the Monday – and even splashed out for a fast train ticket as I was going straight from work.

Then it was a case of oh fuck!

On the Tuesday night a train took out the overhead cables at St Neots – there were no trains between Peterborough and King's Cross all day Wednesday. Apparently it was total chaos at the station. People were stuck on trains for four hours and some of those were stuck on a coach at 3.40am – a coach which crashed on the A1 for fuck's sake (only a minor incident of the coach having sex with the crash barrier it seems). Bollocks.

Anyway, there were to be delays until Friday and I was resigned to the fact that my China Drum trip was well and truly fucked. But trains did start to move on Thursday and a near-normal service was resumed. Engineers were to return after 10pm though and the track would be shut. Bugger. That's the journey home wankered then! FCC reassured me via Twitter, however, that if this were the case there would be replacement buses. Yay. With Friday off work it didn't fucking matter what time I got back as long as I got back.

Drum on!

I raced to the station after my 6pm finish (Thursday is early day too) jumped on a train and had an uneventful trip to London spent wondering if the young city types in the same carriage actually had a life.

The venue – The Garage – is opposite a tube station and is actually quite a good mid-sized venue. Didn't like the £4.85 a pint bar price though – fuck!

I wanted a China Drum T-shirt too – but thought they were rubbish – so I had a few beers instead which worked out more expensive!

Midway Still opened and were kind of dull. Not sorry I missed them back in the day.

Vanilla Pod were on next – and great as the other billion times I've seen them. They're a great, fun pop punk band from King's Lynn and get a good write up in the Armed With Anger book by Ian Gasper.

I'd only seen China Drum once – that was in the tent at Reading back when you could buy a ticket with a cheque in the post. This time they had an extra guitarist and a drummer (singer used to drum too) and they were fucking awesome.

Of course I knew most of the songs – except for a few b-sides and the crowd lapped it up. I didn't remember the singer being so camp, but it made him a great showman (he was behind a drum kit when I last saw them) and his voice was fantastic – the band were tight as fuck. I raced out of the venue for the tube as their wonderful cover of Wuthering Heights drew to a close. If I could make it to King's Cross before 11.30 I could make the last fast train, and maybe, just maybe that wouldn't be replaced by a bus!

I raced through King's Cross and the giant board told me the last East Coast train to Leeds calling at Stevenage, Peterborough etc was due soon. Hurr-fucking-ray!

I boarded the train – the very warm train on a bastard freezing night – and sat down relieved. But, the announcer said due to the problems, the train was going via Cambridge. Bugger. What this actually meant was that the 50 minute journey would take two hours. So I was due in at Peterborough at 1.30am. Bummer. But at least I could make the whole journey by train.

Daughters of darkness

I fucking love Dracula – it's my favourite novel. Whereas I think the original Frankenstein novel is overrated rubbish, I think Dracula is darker, more violent and a thousand times better than the film portrayals – it rocks like a motherfucker!

But if Dracula is my favourite novel, Sheridan Le Fanu's Carmilla is my favourite novella. Published in 1872, this gothic masterpiece hit the streets 25 years before Stoker's classic. It tells the story of Carmilla (well duh) a lesbian vampire – yep, Hammer got all their best ideas from this baby!

In fact, Hammer's The Vampire Lovers is a really faithful adaption of the story. It was the first film in the "Karnstein trilogy" and is one of my favourite Hammer films. Lust For a Vampire, the second film isn't great! The final film – Twins Of Evil is another Hammer favourite and like Lovers and has the added attraction of Peter Cushing. Lovers was slated by the critics, and the Ingrid Pitt film does have some ropey performances – but I fucking love it – and it is closer to the source material than either their Dracula or Frankenstein adaptations (no bad thing for the later).

There's some great atmospheric black and white sequences, cool Hammer sets and Cushing and George Cole give great performances.

Some of the other acting is ropey, but Pitt looks stunning.

It's pretty much acknowledged that Carmilla had an influence on Stoker – in particular the three women that appear in Dracula's castle in that novel. Being sexier though, Carmilla turns into a black cat instead of a dog – but she still prefers to chow down on females – much like old Drac himself.

So who was Le Fanu, the creator of one of my favourite stories? Joseph Thomas Sheridan Le Fanu (28 August 1814 – 7 February 1873) was Irish and a writer (no shit). This Victorian dude was also responsible for Uncle Silas and The House By The Churchyard The former a horror

story, the latter a mystery novel that influence James Joyce according to Wikipedia! Le Fanu was also said to be a big influence on both James – M.R. James – the awesome ghost story writer and Henry James’ fantastic *The Turn of the Screw* novel.

Obviously blokes find female vamps sexy, in the same way that girls lust after the Twilight dudes, but personally I can’t get past the whole necrophilia thing that would be involved with fucking a vampire. There’s also the rather sexist notion of the femme fatal and the manipulative killer sexy woman.

But many horror films do feature powerful women. I admit, in others females’ clothes always seem to fall off in their fight with the killer as they scream helplessly – but it’s not all like that.

Dracula’s Daughter in 1936 saw a toothier, tougher female than the screamer from *Bride of Frankenstein* (still a fucking awesome film though) and I’ve already said that Hammer had some killer women in its films – it even explored transexuality in *Dr Jekyll and Sister Hyde*!

Later on, of course Jamie Lee Curtis would kick Mr Myer’s ass in *Halloween* and Sigourney Weaver was more than a match for *Alien*!

I guess feminists could read female vampires as empowered women who would bite the fuck out of you if you fuck them around. Personally I just see them as stars of damn fine horror stories.

I’ll be back!

There’s too much pissing the cuntin’ fuck out of me for me to stay low for long. Sick of racist bollocks plaguing even the smallest rural communities, sick of animal abuse going unchecked and sick to death of fucking UKIP and the morons who are dumb enough to vote for them. Also fucked right off with elitism in the punk scene, ageism in the punk scene and even some fucking racism sneaking in!

Initonit’s return isn’t a ghost-like return – it’s too powered by life for that! I’m not even an Initonit zombie – there’s no rotting flesh or brain eating mayhem here – I’m fucking Count Duckula if anything! I don’t mean I’m shagging the duck of course – that would be wrong, but I’m an energetic, fun-filled vegan rant machine back to fuck with your reading habits. P.I.L sang about the Death Disco – well this is the fucking Death Library!

Paper zines aren’t dead, punk isn’t dead and activism isn’t dead – so get out there and fucking do it!!!

Paul Initonit
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